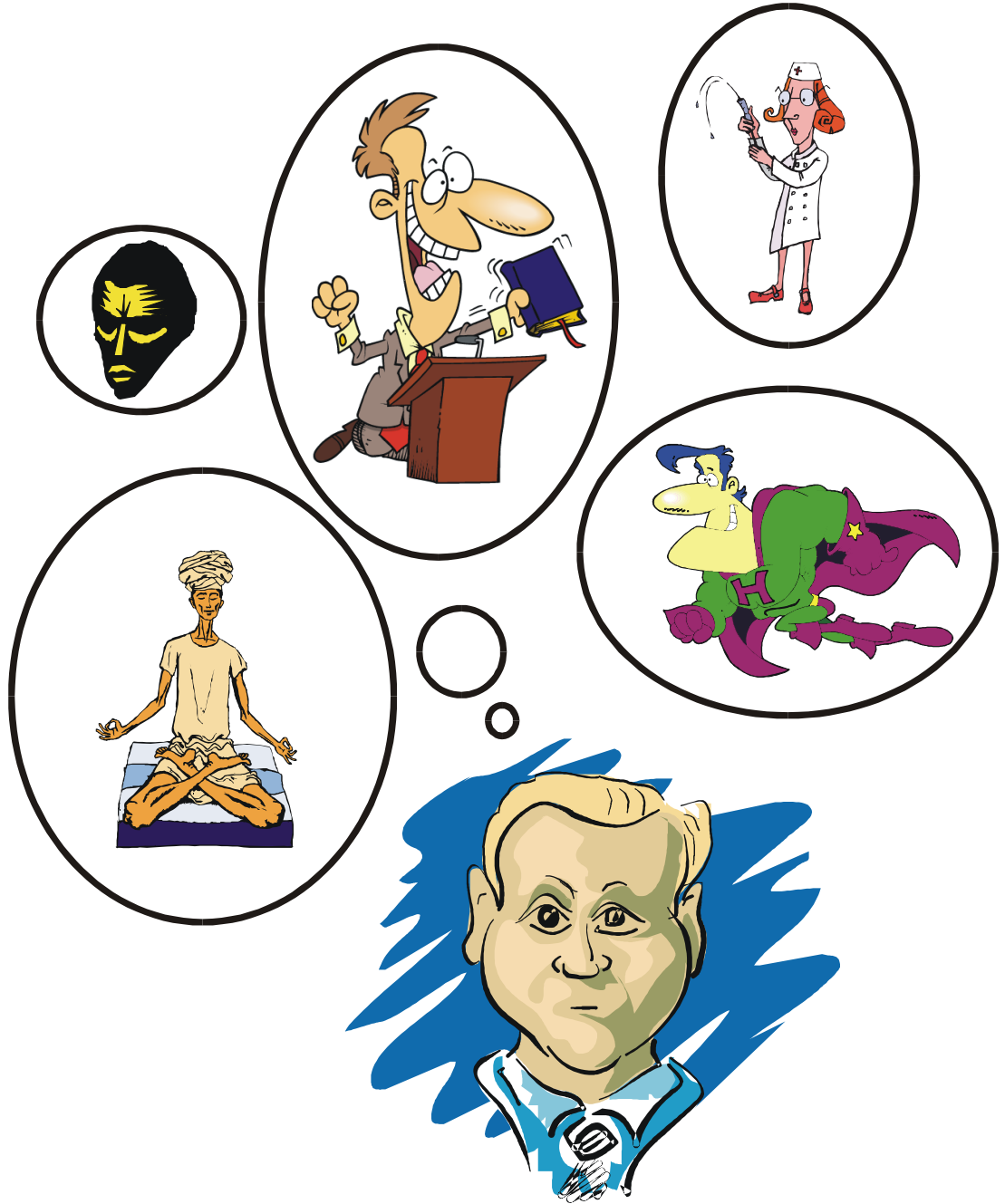


God Who?

By Gary Millar and Scott Tunmer



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Description



Marty and Jim work at the office together. When lunchtime comes around, Jim takes out his Bible so that he can learn more about God. Marty starts to wonder what God is like. While Jim sits at his desk unaware, Marty is visited by five “Gods” from his imagination. Finally, we find out that the way that God really reveals himself to the world is through the work of believers.

Purpose



To illustrate that our concept of God can be influenced by our own experiences.

Additional Information



This is my favorite skit. Several years ago, I was part of a conversation in which someone said that we had to “let God be God,” meaning that we needed to accept God’s control and sovereignty in a particular situation. Shortly after that we started thinking: “Let God be God? Well who else is he going to be?” And so a new skit was born. Many things – from our relationship with our parents, to movies and TV – can influence our concept of God. In other words, sometimes we try to re-make God our own image.



Category
Comedy



Audience
Any



Time
25 Minutes



Difficulty
Medium

Scripture Reference



Malachi 3:6a (NIV): “I the LORD do not change.”

Cast of Characters [6 Male, 1 Either – Characters can be altered to accommodate available actors]



JIM: A Christian. He has an office job and spends the entire sketch at his desk.

MARTY: Jim’s co-worker. Jim has a very active imagination.

TV GOD: A flashy televangelist who is only interested in racking up donations.

MAD SCIENTIST GOD: This is basically the Emit Brown character from the Back to the Future movies. He is brilliant, but he is too busy running the universe to spend any quality time with **MARTY**.

ANGRY GOD: This non-humorous God is full of a cold anger and serves to bring guilt to **MARTY**.

RESCUE 911 GOD: This is the God that we turn to when we are in big trouble and need help. May be played by a female.

NEW AGE GOD: This God says that truth is different for each one of us and that whatever you believe to be right is right.

Props



<i>Prop</i>	<i>Start Location</i>	<i>Notes</i>
Two desks (or small tables).	On Stage	
Two Chairs	On Stage	
Two Lunchboxes or lunch bags.	On stage	
A container of "soup"	In Marty's lunchbox	
A Bible	On Jim's desk	
Stethoscope	With 911 God	
Medical Bag	With 911 God	
Slurpee Cup and Straw	With New Age God	
Hot Dog and Bun	With New Age God	

Costume



JIM and **MARTY** are dressed for a day of work at the office. Could be casual or formal

TV GOD should be dressed in a flashy white suit. There could be dollar bills stuffed in (and falling out of) his pockets,

MAD SCIENTIST GOD wears a white lab coat with a nametag: God.

ANGRY GOD is dressed in all black. It could be a suit or just a black robe.

RESCUE 911 GOD is dressed like a paramedic, in either white or blue.

NEW AGE GOD wears a robe, sandals and a turban.

Sound Effects



<i>Sound</i>	<i>Cue</i>	<i>Notes</i>
<u>Back to the Future</u> theme.	"Well in that case, I'll be going <i>back to heaven!</i> "	
Pager	Mad Scientist God ENTERing.	
Cell phone ringing	"Typhoon Biff"	
Alarm and Announcer's voiceover.	"Aluminum siding."	
Jim's voiceover of Matthew 5:13-16	New Age God EXITing.	

Lighting



General stage lighting: Lights should be made to flicker or change color momentarily to indicate transition from reality to **MARTY**'s Imagination. Spotlight used on **JIM** during voiceover. The lights should be darker or redder when the **ANGRY GOD** is on stage.

Scene



This takes place in a typical office workplace. Jim and Marty are sitting at their desks.

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Script



(JIM and MARTY are on stage when the lights come up. JIM looks at his watch and realizes that it is lunchtime.)

JIM: Well, it's noon already. Time for lunch!

(JIM takes his lunch and his Bible out from his desk drawer. He prays silently and begins to read.)

MARTY: What are you reading?

JIM: It's my Bible.

MARTY: Why in the world are you reading that?

JIM: I want to learn more about God and what he's like.

MARTY: You really believe in God, don't you?

JIM: Yeah, I do. How about you?

MARTY: I guess I do... Doesn't everybody?

(JIM shrugs and goes back to reading the Bible and eating his lunch.)

MARTY: *(Thinking out loud.)* Hmm... I wonder what God is like. Some people say God is like...

(The lights flicker or momentarily change color to indicate that we are now inside of MARTY's daydream. JIM is completely oblivious to everything about to transpire and ignores it. The TELEVANGELIST GOD ENTERS. He is well dressed, with perfect hair and makeup, and he is carrying a huge Bible and a microphone. He walks over to MARTY.)

TV GOD: And what's your name, Marty?

MARTY: Umm, "Marty."

TV GOD: And Marty, why have you come here today?

MARTY: I work here.

TV GOD: So Marty, you have come here today to be healed!

MARTY: No. I work here.

TV GOD: Stand up, Marty!

(MARTY looks confused, but he doesn't move.)

TV GOD: *(Louder and excited.)* Come on! Stand up, Marty!

(MARTY stands up hesitantly.)

TV GOD: Now walk across the room, Marty!

(MARTY walks a couple of yards, then back toward his desk.)

TV GOD: It's a miracle! He can walk, praise Jesus!

MARTY: But I've always been able to walk.

(MARTY sits back down looking puzzled.)

TV GOD: *(Turns abruptly to the audience with a big smile and speaks directly to them.)* Friends, these kinds of miracles do not come cheaply. I need you to show your gratitude today by digging down deeply into your pockets! And I want to remind you that gratitude does not jingle, praise Jesus.

TV GOD: *(Continuing, now turning back to MARTY.)* And what's your name, Marty?

MARTY: Marty!

TV GOD: Marty, have you been consecrated?

MARTY: What?

TV GOD: I said, Marty, have you been consecrated?!

MARTY: Well... Yes, but everybody is from time to time. But I've increased my fiber intake and I haven't been consecrated for weeks.

TV GOD: Well, have you been redeemed?

(MARTY now seems skeptical.)

MARTY: You know, I don't think God is anything like you.

(The TELEVANGELIST GOD seems offended by this, and then EXITS. The lights flicker again.)

MARTY: Other people think God is more like...

(The lights flicker and the MAD SCIENTIST GOD rushes in, out of breath.)

MSG: So... What can I do for you?

MARTY: Well, I've been wondering what God is like.

MSG: Oh, is that all? That's easy! You see...

(The sound of a pager interrupts the MAD SCIENTIST GOD. He fumbles around his lab coat and pockets until he finds it and then looks at the message.)

MSG: Oh! Oh, my *Me!!*

(The MAD SCIENTIST GOD EXITS in a hurry and then immediately re-ENTERS.)

MSG: That was a close one!

MARTY: What was close?

MSG: Typhoon Biff!! It was about to annihilate half of Indonesia. I just saved millions! Now, um, what was it that you wanted to know?

MARTY: I was wondering what God is like.

MSG: Oh yeah. OK. Let me try to explain it like this...

(A cellular phone rings. The MAD SCIENTIST GOD pulls a cell phone from his pocket and answers it.)

MSG: Hello?

(The ringing continues -- It's the wrong phone! He pulls out another phone from a different pocket and answers it.)

MSG: Hello? Who? Speaking... What? Aluminum siding? Um, no thanks, I'm just renting!

(The MAD SCIENTIST GOD hangs up.)

MSG: OK, sorry about that. Back to your question...

(An alarm is heard, followed by an "announcement" on the public address system.)

P.A. VOICE: Attention please... God, report to the control room immediately. Code three, code three. This is not a drill. Repeat: This is not a drill!

(The MAD SCIENTIST GOD hurriedly EXITS and re-ENTERS as before. This time, his face and lab coat are covered with soot.)

MARTY: If you're too busy now, maybe you could stop back again some other time.

MSG: Time? Time!? TIME!! Marty, you have no concept of time!

MARTY: You know, I don't think God's like you.

MSG: Well in that case I'll be going... Back to Heaven!

(The MAD SCIENTIST GOD EXITS while the "Back to the Future" theme plays.)

JIM: Hey, Marty?

MARTY: *(Startled.)* What?

JIM: How are you coming on that presentation you're giving to the boss tomorrow?

MARTY: That's tomorrow?

JIM: Yeah, today's Wednesday isn't it?

MARTY: *(Slumps forward with hands on head.)* I'm dead! *(Slumps back)* Oh God...Oh God... Oh God help me!

(RESCUE 911 GOD ENTERS wearing a surgeon's gown, with a stethoscope and bag, and begins taking Marty's blood pressure.)

MARTY: What are you doing?

911 GOD: I'm attempting to take your blood pressure. Please hold still.

MARTY: Why? Who called you?

911 GOD: Well... You did.

MARTY: I didn't call anybody!

911 GOD: I got a 911 call a minute ago from a...

(Pulls out paper, reads with no emotion.)

Martin Howard at 522 Elm Street, Suite 12A: "I'm dead. STOP. Oh God. Oh God. Oh God help me. STOP."

(911 GOD then smiles and stretches arms out as if to say "Ta-Da!".)

MARTY: I get it. You're supposed to be like the "Rescue 911" kind of God.

911 GOD: Yep. I show up at times of crisis and try to make things all better.

(911 GOD takes stethoscope and begins listening to MARTY's chest.)

911 GOD: Cough please.

(Beat)

Again please.

MARTY: Am I OK, Doc? I mean, God? Um, Doctor God?

(911 GOD sticks tongue depressor in MARTY's mouth.)

MARTY: *(Unintelligibly)* You didn't answer my question. Am I OK?

911 GOD: Yeah. It's just a simple case of stress. I have just the thing!

(911 GOD pulls out a very large syringe and prepares it, then grabs MARTY by his belt and slings him over the desk; then gives Marty a BIG shot in his rear end and throws him back down in seat.)

911 GOD: *(Motherly tone)* There. That feels better now, doesn't it?

MARTY: *(Rubbing butt, sarcastic)* Oh yes... That feels much better. Hey I've got an idea: Why don't you go get some ten-penny nails and drive them into my forehead!

(Beat)

Then you could stick a meat thermometer in my ear and smack it with a ball peen hammer.... Ohhhhh that would feel good!!

(Beat)

You know, I don't think God's like you either.

(The RESCUE 911 God EXITS, then the Lights become redder, as the ANGRY GOD ENTERS.)

MARTY: *(Nervous)* I hope he's not here to see me.

(The ANGRY GOD walks slowly toward MARTY.)

Ulp... He's here to see me.

ANGRY GOD: Look at you!

(MARTY looks at himself, but doesn't really understand.)

You don't get it do you?

(MARTY nods head "yes" then "no.")

You think I'll just overlook all those things you've done?

(MARTY looks ashamed.)

Yeah. It hurts, doesn't it? Well how do you think I feel? I've given you everything! I've given you my love. I've given you your very existence! And all you've given me is grief!

(Pointing to JIM)

Look at this guy. He knows he's a loser, but at least he's trying. But you've got a long way to go, pal. I've given you chance after chance, and you're just about out of chances.

(Beat)

Well... What do you have to say for yourself?

MARTY: I really don't think God is like you!

ANGRY GOD: *(Under his breath, as he EXITS.)* That's OK. I'll be back.

(Previous lighting is restored.)

(Marty resumes eating and spills some soup on himself. He is frustrated and works on cleaning it up. ENTER the NEW AGE GOD ("NAG") wearing a robe, sandals, carrying a 7-Eleven cup and a hot dog. He sits on Marty's desk in meditation position: legs crossed, palms up.)

NAG: Oooooommm... Oooooommm... Oooooommm...

MARTY: What are you doing?

NAG: I am meditating. Oooooommm... Oooooommm...

MARTY: But why?

NAG: I am trying to find God!

MARTY: But you are God. Um... Aren't you?

NAG: Oh, yes. But... In a sense, so are you!

MARTY: What are you talking about? I'm no God. I can't even eat my lunch without making a mess!

(At that moment, the NEW AGE GOD bites into the hot dog and squirts ketchup on the front of his robe.)

NAG: See? Nobody's perfect. Want a bite?

MARTY: Sure, thanks. No, wait a minute! I don't want a hot dog! I'm looking for the truth!

NAG: Oh! That is easy!

MARTY: Good! Please explain it to me.

NAG: Truth... is whatever you want it to be!

MARTY: That's it?

NAG: You want more?

(Beat. MARTY nods expectantly.)

OK. Truth is whatever you want it to be. ...And more!

MARTY: That's ridiculous! That's not truth.

NAG: OK you are right.

MARTY: What do you mean I'm right?

NAG: Whatever you believe to be right -- is right!

MARTY: But that's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

NAG: That is right!

MARTY: I'm so confused I don't know what I believe!

NAG: Good, good! We are making progress then.

MARTY: Would you knock it off!

NAG: OK.

(Beat.)

Marty, what I'm trying to say is that God is different for each one of us. You need to discover who you think God is!

MARTY: Thanks. You've really helped clear some things up.

NAG: I have? I mean, "I have!" Yes, I must have. I'm sure I have... Yes, I have.

MARTY: Yes. God is nothing like you!

(NEW AGE GOD EXITS. MARTY finishes up his lunch. Spotlight on JIM as we “hear” the voiceover of what he is reading.)

JIM: (VO): “You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt loses its saltiness, how can it be made salty again? It is no longer good for anything, except to be thrown out and trampled by men. You are the light of the world. A city on a hill cannot be hidden. Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead they put it on its stand, and it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven.”

(JIM thinks for a moment.)

JIM: Hey Marty? How about if I help you put that presentation together?

MARTY: You don’t want to do that. I’m going to be here most of the night.

JIM: That’s OK. I really want to help you.

MARTY: Why would you want to do that?

JIM: Well... ‘cause you’re my buddy. And besides, I really think this is what God would want me to do.

MARTY: Wow, that’s really nice of you.

(Beat)

You know, I think God might be a little like... YOU!

(Lights fade out.)